



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# Art News

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY SADAKICHL HARTMANN, 1267 BROADWAY, STUDIO 16.

VOL. I, No. 1.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

## FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT.

TO J. P. DAVIS.

The night with its darkness is sinking into the human soul,  
And shadowy visions are floating in silence from pole to pole;  
The visions of night are embracing the silent mountains—the roaring sea,  
And from their secret passion rises this song of mystery:

"Night was before the joys of the heart,  
Before bitter tears, which tear kindred souls apart;  
Night was before our longing for death,  
Before hope, which murmurs beneath its breath.

"Night was before us, and Night will be  
When this world has vanished with mountain and sea.  
Then Night will sit on her heavenly throne  
Alone, alone, forever alone!"

(1891.)

SIMON, the Symbolist, is once more at Avery's. NEWSPAPER reports state Muncaczy has grown insane.

KRUSEMANN VAN ELTEN intends to leave us in Spring.

VAN BOSKERCK follows Siddons Mowbray at Knoedler's.

RECENT additions at Durand Ruel are two fine Van Dycks and a Magdalen by Greuze.

YAMANAKA & Co., 20 West 27th Street, have an excellent collection of *kakemonos*. Artists are welcome.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, the Nova Scotia poet, the author of "The Wrestler," has come, I believe, to stay permanently with us.

THE ART NEWS will make a specialty of advertising in its columns the sub-letting of studios, the sale of studio paraphernalia, etc. 25 cents per line.

WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE is painting portraits at 1412 Broadway. His picture for this year's Salon was suggested by the editor's "Bud-dha."

THE new Academy of Design will be on Morningside Heights, thanks to Gilbert Gaul, who originated the idea, and J. G. Brown who labored for it most faithfully.

AT the American Art Galleries the Holland Collection (including a masterpiece by Mauve) will be on free view day and evening, February 19th until February 14th.

A VISIT to Cottier & Co's new home of art at 3 East 34th Street is a lesson in good taste. They shelter nothing that is cheap in the artistic as well as pecuniary sense.

LOUIS KRONBERG of Boston, writes from Paris that he is painting another Japanese poster-picture of Loie Fuller. He wants to get into "the habit of seeing things flat."

LUNGEN has returned from Arizona and his latest work of that interesting country which he has discovered for our art can be seen at his studio, 3 North Washington Square.

GILBERT GAUL in hermit-like seclusion at his house 170th St. and 10th Ave., paints a "Mollie Fitcher," an episode from the Revolutionary war, for the Academy exhibition.

TWELFTH Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League, 20th February—13th March; 10 A. M.—6 P. M., and 8—10 P. M. daily, also Sundays. No admission except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

MR. RAYMOND DE MADRAYO has made his headquarters at Oehme's, 384 Fifth Ave. Four of his portraits are on exhibition. They will undoubtedly please all those people who like portraiture à la Chartrain.

BLISS CARMAN has been visiting in New York. Should you ever go to a party to meet the poet for the first time, look around for the tallest and shyest man hid in the most remote corner of the room—that is sure to be Bliss Carman.

MR. ROBERT C. MINOR will once more reflect the Barbizon School at Macbeth at an early date. There are fine, exquisite sketches of Inness at the Macbeth Gallery; also an interesting Sargent Kendall, a beautiful Wiley, and any amount of Davies', of course.

VERETCHAGIN has finished his serial of paintings, Napoleon's Invasion into Russia. They seem to attract in Europe as much attention as his Turco-Russian War pictures. He is not a great painter, but remarkable as a poet, philosopher, and reformer, who uses canvas and paints for his medium of expression.

THE Metropolitan School of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Hall Studios held another of their monthly receptions on February 18th, this time an Oriental Tea. As usual, a fashionable crowd attended to gossip about art and see the sketch class drawing from a costumed model. A special feature was that several of the lady hostesses were arrayed in Oriental costume. The evening was devoted to dancing.

KÜHNE BEVERIDGE, the sculptress of the "Devil's Wife," with hair of the color of old Burgundy and huge Maria Stuart collars, still convokes her *petits levels* of members of the sterner sex every afternoon at her peculiar little den, 121 East 17th Street. I could relate amusing stories about broken appointments, furious painters, white crepe streamers on a smashed door, etc., all in relation with this fair bacchante of East 17th Street, but I will refrain this time.

## A VISIT TO A. P. RYDER!

UNDER what circumstances this name was mentioned I do not remember; there was, however, something about the manner in which it was mentioned that made an impression upon me. Then I recalled having seen an article in the *Century* a few years ago (June, 1890), in which several wood engravings from his pictures—though too much Kingsley and not enough Ryder—interested me so much that I forgot to read the text. A tempting suggestion of some unexplored mystery rose within me, and I decided to visit Ryder.